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M.YASSIN NASSIMI



FROM THE LIBRARY OF

Mary Ritchie Key

*I offer this book to my best friend
Mr Key with my best wishes*

Two Tales

*Sincerely
M. Yassin Nassimi
Oct 25, 1963*

by

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Text Materials Program
Indiana University
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THE TWO BOYS MEET

ملاقات و معرفي دو متعلم

The Scene

A classroom in the United States. Hammed, a visitor from far-away Afghanistan, is all alone in the room. An American student, John, comes into the room. He is curious about this new boy. When John learns Hammed is from Afghanistan, he begins to ask questions.

افغانستان

John: You are from Afghanistan. Where is Afghanistan?

Hammed: Afghanistan is in Central Asia. I can show you on this map.



It is a mountainous country looking like an irregular leaf on the map. The highest mountain is called Hindu Kush which has snow-covered peaks, some of them 25,000 feet.

John: How large is Afghanistan?

Hammed: It has 250,000 square miles. It is somewhat larger than France and about the size of Texas.

John: Do many people live in Afghanistan?

Hammed: Well, quite a few. More than 12 million.

John: What is the name of your capital city?

Hammed: It is Kabul and I am from Kabul. Kabul is high among the mountains in the middle of my country. It's a beautiful city. I like to live there and to go to school there.

John: What grade were you in?

Hammed: I studied up to the 4th grade. That's in primary school. You see in our primary school we have six years. The children are from 7 years old to 13 years old.

John: Then do you go to high school?

Hammed: Yes, but we call it secondary school. And before we can go to secondary school, we must pass examinations.

John: Do you have universities, too?

Hammed: Yes, we have universities. One is in Kabul and the other is in Jalalabad.

John: Do you have to pay to go to the university?

Hammed: No, we don't have to pay anything to go to school. Not even to the university. Our government pays and it pays for our books and other school things we need.

John: What language do you speak?

Hammed: We have two languages. One is Pushto and the other is Persian.

John: How are they different from English?

Hammed: (laughing) In just about all ways! We write from right to left, just the opposite from you. Of course, all our words are different. Why even our alphabet is different!

John: Could you show me?

Hammed: Yes, and do you know our numbers are different, too. This is the way our numbers look.

۱	۲	۳	۴	۵	۶	۷	۸	۹	۱۰
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10

Hammed: And this is the way our alphabet looks when we pronounce our letters.

س	ت	پ	ب	ا
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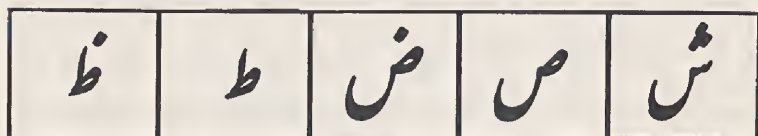
Se Te Pe Be Alif

د	خ	ه	چ	ج
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Dal Khe He Che Jim



Sin Zhe Ze Re Zal



Za Ta Dad Sad Shin



Kaf Qaf Fe Ghain Ain



Waw Nun Mim Lam Gaf



Ye He

Hammed: Would you like to see the way I write, "How are you, John?" Here is how it would look.

جان چطور هستی

John: Do you have Boy and Girl Scouts in Afghanistan?

Hammed: Yes, we do. I belonged to a Boy Scout troop in Kabul.

John: Is your government like ours?

Hammed: No. We have a kingdom. We also have a Prime Minister, a Cabinet and a Parliament. The name of our King is Mohammed Zahir Shah.

John: I heard that your King will come to visit the United States in September this year.

Hammed: That is true. I hope I get to see our King when he is here.

John: I think you like your King very much.

Hammed: Yes. All of our people like him.



اعلحضرت المتوكل على الله محمد ظاهر شاه پادشاه محبوب افغانستان

His Majesty Mohammed Zahir Shah, symbol of the Unity of the Afghan people.

John: Has a President of the United States ever visited Afghanistan?

Hammed: Yes. When Mr. Eisenhower was the President, he visited in our country.

John: He did! I'm sure the people of Afghanistan were very kind to Mr. Eisenhower.

Hammed: Yes. Afghan people are very kind to visitors. Would you like to see some pictures of the entertainment in my country for Mr. Eisenhower.



Coming of Mr. Eisenhower to Afghanistan
December 9, 1959

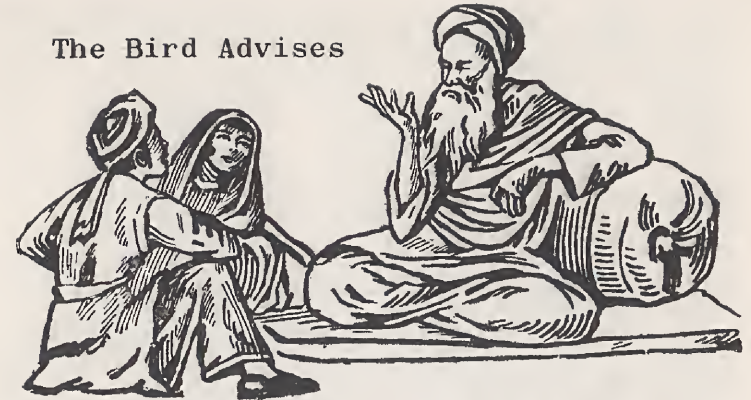


Mr. Eisenhower with the King and some of the Afghan children.



Mr. Eisenhower expresses his thanks to the King and the people of Afghanistan.

The Bird Advises



Once upon a time there was a gardener. One day the gardener was walking in his garden. He saw a beautiful, small bird flying from one branch of a tree to another. The bird was singing a beautiful song.

When the gardener heard the bird's song, he liked it very much. He thought to himself, "If I catch this beautiful bird for my son who is sick, he will be very happy. Perhaps this beautiful bird will help to make him well."

The bird was not easy to catch. So the gardener started to prepare a net to catch the bird and a cage to carry it home. After two days he finished the net and caught the bird with it. The gardener was very happy. He put the bird in his cage right away.

How surprised the gardener was when the bird began to speak. "If you let me free," said the bird, "I will tell you three good and useful suggestions. If you follow my suggestions, you will not have any sadness or grief in your life."

The gardener, after some thinking, accepted the wish of the bird. Then he said to the bird, "Give me your advice."

The bird said, "I will give you my three suggestions at three different times. The first one, I will tell you at the time when you free me from the cage and you take me on your hand. The second one when I fly on the branch of the tree. The third one I will tell you from your garden wall."

The gardener accepted this, so he took the bird from the cage and put it on his hand. The bird said, "My first suggestion is. Never regret anything about your past deeds."

The bird then flew from his hand to the branch of the tree and turned his face to the gardener to tell him the second suggestion. The bird said, "Never believe any word unless it is according to the wisdom of the mind."

After this it flew from the branch

of the tree to the garden wall. The bird said to the gardener, "Oh, poor man. You were lucky once, but you did not take advantage of your luck."

The gardener asked, "How is this? Please explain it to me."

The bird said, "I lay one egg at the end of each year. It weighs seven kilograms. What is more it is an egg made of jewels which shines in the night. If you had kept me for three days to the end of the year, you would have gotten jeweled eggs."

When the gardener heard this, he became very sad. He said, "Oh, I am sorry. I regret freeing you."

The bird said to the gardener, "Why do you have regrets?"

The gardener said, "I do so because I missed this very good chance to get rich. Now I shall always be very hungry. What should I do?"

And the bird said, "You should take my first suggestions and never regret your past deeds."

Then the gardener said, "All right. Please tell me your third suggestion."

The bird said, "I have given you suggestions. What good did they do. You

did not follow them. What will be the effect of my third suggestion? I told you never to regret your past deeds. Right now you have forgotten my advice and you regret your past deeds. Second, I told you never to believe any word which is not according to the wisdom of your mind. But you have forgotten it. Why did you believe it when you heard that I could lay a seven kilogram jeweled egg? This word was not according to your wisdom. It did not make sense."

The bird went on. "I examined you to see whether you would follow my suggestions or not. It seems to me you did not accept them, so I am very sorry for I will not tell you the third one."

The gardener said, "Excuse me for all I have done. I will now pay attention to your advice."

The bird said, "I am sorry. I have no time. Good-bye." And it flew away.

The gardener was very unhappy and he wished that he had listened to the bird. "After this," he said, "I will always listen to good advice."

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